SCOTS SONGS.

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By A. RAMSAY.

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SCOTS SONGS.

THE Happy LOVER's Reflections.

I.

THE laſt Time I came o'er the Moor
I left my Love behind me.
Ye Pow'rs what Pain do I en-(dure,
when ſoft Ideas mind me,
Soon as the ruddy Morn diſplay'd
the beaming Day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely Maid
in fit Retreats for wooing.

II.

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay
gazing, and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd, and promis'd Time away,
till Night ſpread her black Curtain;
I pitied all beneath the Skies,
ev'n Kings when ſhe was nigh me,
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
which cou'd but ill deny me.

III.

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,
where mortal Steel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome Foreign Shore
where Dangers may ſurround me,
Yet hopes again to ſee my Love,
to feaſt on Glowing Kiſſes,
Shall make my Cares at Diſtance move,
in Proſpect of ſuch Bleſſes.

IV. In

IV.

In all my Soul there's not one Place
to let a *Rival* enter,
Since she excells in ev'ry Grace,
in her my Love shall center.
Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,
their Waves the *Alps* shall cover;
On *Greenland*-Ice shall Roses grow,
before I cease to love her.

V.

The next Time I go o'er the Moor
she shall a Lover find me,
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
tho' I left her behind me:
Then *Hymen*'s Sacred Bonds shall chain
my Heart to her fair Bosom,
There while my Being does remain,
my Love more fresh shall blossom.

THE

THE

Laſs of *Peatties* Mill.

I.

THE Laſs of *Peattie's* Mill,
So bonny Blyth and Gay,
In ſpite of all my Skill,
She ſtole my Heart away.
When tedding of the Hay
Bareheaded on the Green,
Love 'midſt her Locks did play,
And wanton'd in her Een.

II.

Her Arms white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their Dawn,
To Age it wou'd give Youth,
To preſs 'em with his Hand.
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Extaſy of Bleſs,
When I ſuch Sweetneſs found
Wrapt in a Balmy Kiſs.

III. With-

III.

Without the Help of Art,
Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
When e'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd
Her Looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected Pride,
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my Bride.

IV.

O had I all that Wealth,
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
Inſur'd long Life, and Health,
And Pleaſures at my Will,
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny She,
The Laſs of *Peattie*'s Mill
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

DELIA.

DELIA.

To the Tune of *Green Sleeves.*

I.

YE watchful Guardians of the FAIR
Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,
Of my dear *DELIA* take a Care,
and repreſent her Lover,
With all the Gayety of Youth,
With Honour, Juſtice, Love, and Truth,
'Til I return, her Paſſions ſooth
for me, in Whiſpers move her.

II.

Be careful no baſe ſordid Slave,
With Soul ſunk in a Golden Grave,
Who knows no Virtue but to ſave,
with glaring Gold bewitch her,
Tell 'er for me ſhe was deſign'd,
For me who know how to be kind,
And have more Riches in my Mind,
than one who's Ten Times richer.

III.

Let all the World turn upſide down,
And Fools run an eternal Round,
In Queſt of what can ne'er be found,
to pleaſe their vain Ambition.
Let little Minds great Charms eſpy
In Shadows which at Diſtance ly,
Whoſe hop'd for Pleaſures when come nigh,
prove nothing in Fruition.

IV.

But caſt into a Mold Divine,
Fair *DELIA* does with Luſtre ſhine,
Her vertous Soul's an ample Mine,
which yields a Conſtant Treaſure.
Let POETS in ſublimeſt Lays,
Imploy their Skill her Fame to raiſe
Let Sons of MUSICK waſte whole Days,
with well tun'd Reeds to pleaſe her.

The KIND RECEPTION.

To the Tune of *Auld lang ſyne.*

SHould auld Acquaintance be forgot,
tho' they return with Scars,
Theſe are the noble HEROE's Lot,
obtain'd in Glorious Wars;
Welcome my *VARO* to my Breaſt,
thy Arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt,
as I was lang ſyne.

Methinks around us one each Bough,
a Thouſand *Cupids* play,
Whilſt thro' the Groves I walk with you
each Object makes me gay;
Since your Return, the Sun, and Moon
with brighter Beams do ſhine;
Streams murmur ſoft Notes, while they run,
as they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the Court, and Din of State,
let that to their Share fall
Who can eſteem ſuch Slav'ry great,
while bounded like a Ball.

But ſunk in Love, upon my Arms
let your brave Head recline,
We'll pleaſe our Selves with mutual Charms,
as we did lang ſyne.

O'er Moor, and Dale with your gay Friend,
you may purſue the Chace,
And after a blyth Bottle end
all Cares in my Embrace,
And in a vacant rainy Day
you ſhall be wholly mine,
We'll make the Hours run ſmooth away,
and laugh at lang ſyne.

The HEROE pleas'd with the ſweet Air,
and ſigns of gen'rous Love,
Which had been utter'd by the FAIR,
bow'd to the POW'RS above;
Next Day with Conſent, and glad Haſte,
th' approach'd the Sacred Shrine,
Where the good Prieſt the Couple bleſt,
and put them out of pine.

The PENITENT.

To the Tune of the *Laſs of* Livingſtoun.

PAin'd with her ſlighting *Jamie*'s Love,
Bell dropt a Tear, — *Bell* dropt a Tear,
The Gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear, — Well pleas'd to hear,
They heard the Praiſes of the Youth
From her own Tongue, — From her own Tongue,
Who now converted was to Truth,
And thus ſhe ſung, — And thus ſhe ſung.

Bleſt Days when our ingen'ous Sex,
More frank and kind, — More frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
But ſpoke their Mind; — But ſpoke their Mind;
Repenting now ſhe promis'd fair
Wou'd he return, — Wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cauſe him mourn, — Or cauſe him mourn.

Why lov'd I the deſerving SWAIN,
Yet ſtill thought Shame, -- Yet ſtill thought Shame,
When he my yielding Heart did gain,
To own my Flame, — To own my Flame.

Why

Why took I Pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy, — And ſeem too coy,
Which makes me now alas lament,
My ſlighted Joy, — My ſlighted Joy.

Ye FAIR, while Beauty's in its Spring,
Own your Deſire, — Own your Deſire,
While Love's young Power, with his ſoft Wing,
Fans up the Fire; — Fans up the Fire;
O do not with a ſilly Pride,
Or low Deſign, — Or low Deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy Bride,
But anſwer plain, — But anſwer plain.

Thus the FAIR MOURNER wail'd her Crime,
With flowing Eyes; — With flowing Eyes;
Glad *Jamie* heard her all the Time
With ſweet Surpriſe, — With ſweet Surpriſe,
Some God had led him to the Grove,
His Mind unchang'd, — His Mind unchang'd,
Flew to her Arms, and cry'd my Love,
I am reveng'd. — I am reveng'd.

LOVE's CURE.

To the Tune of *Peggy I muſt love thee.*

I.

AS from a Rock paſt all Relief,
the ſhipwrackt *COLIN* ſpying
His native Home, o'ercome with Grief,
half ſunk in Waves and dying;
With the next Morning ſun he ſpies
A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surpriſe,
New Life ſprings up, he lifts his Eyes
with Joy and waits her Motion.

II.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was and deſerted,
Low with Deſpair my Spirits mov'd
to be for ever parted,
Thus droopt I till diviner Grace
I found in *PEGGY*'s Mind, and Face,
Ungratitude appear'd then baſe,
but Vertue more engaging.

III. Th

III.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying,
Let Beauty yield to Manly Wit,
we loſe our ſelves in ſtaying;
'll haſte dull Courtſhip to a Cloſe,
ince Marriage can my Fears oppoſe,
Why ſhould we happy Minutes loſe,
ſince *PEGGY* I muſt love thee.

IV.

len may be fooliſh if they pleaſe,
and deem't a Lover's Duty
o ſigh, and ſacrifice their Eaſe,
doating on a proud Beauty;
ch was my Caſe for many a Year,
ll hope ſucceeding to my Fear,
ſe *Betty*'s Charms now diſappear,
ince *PEGGY*'s far outſhine them.

ODE.

Th

ODE.

HEnce every Thing that can,
Disturb the Quiet of Man,
Be blyth my Soul,
In a full Bowl
Drown thy Care,
And repair
The vital Stream,
Since Life's a Dream,
Let Wine abound,
And Healths go round,
We'll sleep more sound,
And let the dull unthinking Mob pursue
Each endless Wish, and still their Toil renew

FINIS.